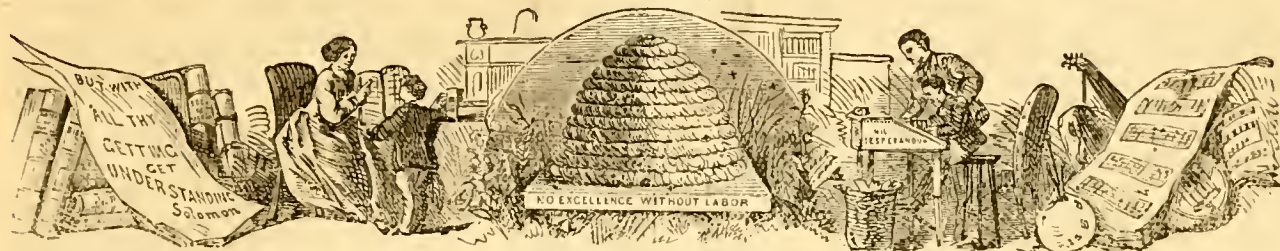


Holiness to the Lord!

The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 6.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1871.

NO. 17.

STORY OF COLBERT.

(CONTINUED.)

WITH that fearlessness which is given by extreme youth, and the consciousness of doing right, Baptiste, instead of retiring, advanced a few steps into the room.

'Sir,' said he to the banker, whose astonishment at his boldness for a moment checked the order already on his lips to turn him out, 'I have imposed upon you—unintentionally, it is true—but that does not make you the less wronged.' Then taking advantage of the extreme surprise caused by this preamble, the young woolen-draper advanced still further into the room, and emptying his pocket on a table, added: 'Here are the four hundred and fifty crowns that you gave me just now; be so good as to return me the receipt I gave you, and to take your money. The cloth that I sold to you, instead of being worth fifteen crowns a yard, is only worth eight. Thirty yards at eight crowns make only two hundred and forty crowns. There they are, sir. Will you see if it is right?'

'Are you quite sure of what you say, my friend?' said the banker, quickly changing his tone. 'Are you certain there is no mistake?'

'You have the piece of cloth still, sir; is it not marked No. 3?'

'It is,' said Comtois, going to examine.

'The No. 3 is marked at eight crowns, sir; I do not mistake. I beg your pardon, sir, for having made my way to you in spite of you; but if you had found out the mistake before I did, I should never have forgiven myself. Now, I have the honor of wishing you good morning.'

'Stay a moment, one moment!' cried Cenani to Baptiste, who was retiring with a bow, and whom this command brought back from the door. 'Do you know that I am no judge of cloth myself?'

'I can assure you, sir, that this piece of cloth is not worth more than eight crowns.'

Smiling at his simplicity, the young banker continued: 'And you might have easily kept this money for yourself.'

'I never thought of that, sir,' replied the young apprentice with artless simplicity.

'But if you had thought of it?' again inquired the elegant Parisian.

'It was quite impossible, sir, that such an idea could ever have come into my head. You might as well ask me if I had thought of carrying off all that you have here;' and a smile, as if at the absurdity of the idea, lighted up the ingenuous countenance of the boy.

'Suppose I were to make you a present of this money that you have returned to me with such admirable integrity?'

'What right have I to it, sir? and why should you give it to me? I would not take it, sir,' said Baptiste without hesitation.

'You are a fine fellow, and an honest fellow,' said the young banker, going towards Baptiste, and taking him by the hand—'you are a fine fellow, and an honest fellow,' repeated he.

'What is your name?'

'Jean Baptiste Colbert, at your service,' replied Baptiste, blushing at this condescension.

'And how old are you, Baptiste?'

'Fifteen, sir.'

'Colbert, Colbert,' repeated M. Cenani, as if endeavoring to recall something to his memory. 'Is it possible that you are a relation of the Colberts of Scotland?'

'The barons of Castlehill are the common ancestors of the Scotch and French Colberts, sir.'

'And how comes it that your father, a descendant of such an illustrious family, is a woolen-draper?'

'My father is not a woolen-draper, sir; but he is very poor; and it is to relieve the family of the burden of my support that I became apprentice to my godfather, M. Certain.'

'Poor little fellow; so much artlessness, integrity, and amiability, and so unfortunate! What a pity!—what a pity.'

'Your carriage is ready, sir,' said the valet-de-chambre, reappearing.

The young banker let go the hand of the boy with regret; he seemed divided between the wish of making him accept the sum still lying upon the table, and the fear of again calling up the blush of mortification to that face of such noble, yet child-like beauty. The latter feeling undoubtedly prevailed, for he contented himself with saying: 'We shall meet again.' And with gestures and looks of kindness, he dismissed him.

Baptiste ran down the staircase of the hotel, and was bounding into the street, when he was seized by the collar with a powerful and threatening grasp. It was that of his enraged master, who had followed him, and now abused him in a frantic manner for having returned the money. All remonstrances from poor Baptiste were in vain. M. Certain was, on the whole, not a bad man; but he was greedy, and had a hasty temper, and these two evil qualities led him into a momentary and sinful forgetfulness of his duty.

'Get from my sight and from my employment,' said he in answer to Baptiste's explanations. 'Go, I say, and follow the advice that I now give you—it is my last. Never come within reach of either my arm or my tongue. There is my blessing for you; take it, and good-bye to you.'

Much as Baptiste had expected his godfather's rage, and fully as he was prepared for it, the idea of his dismissing him had never entered his head; nevertheless he did not repent his conduct, feeling that, in the circumstances, he had had no

alternative. Bowing his head to his sponsor's unchristianlike farewell, Baptiste slowly bent his steps to his father's house.

It was seven o'clock in the evening, and M. Colbert was already seated at supper with his wife and youngest son, a child of six years of age, when the parlor-door opened, and Baptiste appeared. A cry of astonishment broke from the lips of both father and mother, alarmed by the confused and sorrowful air of the boy. 'What is the matter? Why have you left the shop on a week-day? Is your godfather ill? Or are you— Speak! What is the matter?'

These questions from both father and mother followed each other so rapidly, that the young apprentice could not find a moment to answer them; but a sigh having followed the last word, he took advantage of it. 'I have been dismissed by M. Certain,' said Baptiste.

'You have been about some folly then, sir,' said M. Colbert, for a moment losing the parent in the severe censor.

'I will leave it to you to decide, father,' replied Baptiste modestly.

Madame Colbert's anxiety deprived her of utterance.

'What do you mean?' demanded M. Colbert.

'With your permission, my dear father, I will relate to you all that occurred to-day, and then you can tell me if I have done wrong; but I do not think I have; for, notwithstanding the grief that I feel in appearing before you, after being dismissed, yet, if it were to do over again, I would act as I have done.'

'Go on,' said his father, while his mother looked encouragingly at him, and his little brother blew kisses to him. Baptiste related all that you already know, my young readers; he did so simply and candidly, without a word of exaggeration or of reproach; nay, the amiable boy seemed to seek palliations for his godfather's conduct, which, though repugnant to his every feeling, he endeavoured to excuse. 'My godfather is so fond of money,' said he, 'and then, as a woolen-draper, perhaps he did not understand my conduct. To sell a little over value, or a great deal, is the same thing to him, perhaps. If one may charge two pence profit on the yard without being called a rogue, and punished as such, why may not one as well charge a hundred francs, if one can? What do you say, father? It is very much to be regretted, but it is so.'

(To be continued.)

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

Chemistry of Common Things.

DECOMPOSITION NO 1.

THE resolution of compounds into their elements, or the alterations of their chemical form in such a way as to produce new substances is "decomposition." By the first change a compound body is made into at least two, or more bodies; by the last, bodies are made to act upon each other so as to produce entirely dissimilar bodies. The first kind of decomposition is called "simple," which means "single" decomposition, the second kind is called "double decomposition."

All the changes that have been described in smelting, &c., are brought about by decomposition, they are in fact "transmutations," in a wider sense than was understood by that expression by the old alchemists. They professed to change lead into silver, the modern alchemists convert rocks into both lead and silver and then separate them from each other. And, to do this understandingly requires a knowledge of the "affinities" of bodies.

For instance, suppose we pass the vapor of hot water (steam) through a red hot gun-barrel, hydrogen is liberated, this is an

instance of "simple decomposition." In the article on "water" it is seen that eight parts of oxygen and one part of hydrogen are that compound we call "water," steam is just the same. Here oxygen is united to hydrogen the same as if it were in union with a metal; it is, in fact, an oxide. When the steam passes over the red hot iron the oxygen exerts an influence on the iron, at the moment of separating from the hydrogen it unites with the iron, forming an oxide of that metal. Here is the change: $H\ O$ plus Fe becomes $Fe\ O$ plus H . A large number of changes in smelting are as simple, heat being the principal agent in producing the changes. At high temperatures the elements exert their "elective affinities" alluded to, more energetically; for instance $Pb\ S$ plus O becomes $S\ O$ plus Pb ; that is galena (sulphide of lead) by the action of oxygen forms sulphurous acid, which passes off and metallic lead is set free. Other sulphides act much in the same way that the red hot iron of the gun-barrel does only that it is by a process of "double decomposition."

The fluxes are substances of easy fusibility which are added to others that are more refractory, to aid in fusing them. Carbonate of potash mixed with finely powdered charcoal is an excellent flux for metallic ores. In a small way, as with the blow-pipe, or when small quantities of ore are operated upon, borax, tartar, nitre, soda or sal-ammoniac may be used; in a larger way common salt, limestone, glass, fluor spar (fluat of lime) iron ore, or crude tartar. The mode of action is the same with either of these fluxes, decomposition is brought about by bringing substances into a fluid state and causing a re-arrangement of the elements into different substances, which is the result of "elective affinities," the same as in the gun-barrel experiment.

We may see how bodies undergo mutual decomposition by mixing a solution of common salt with another of nitrate of silver, the two salts when in the solid form are incapable of exerting any sensible influence upon each other. Here water acts as an agent in making the solids capable of exerting their natural affinities. A large number of substances are insoluble in water and heat is the means of bringing about the solution necessary to effect decomposition.

BETH.

"YANKEE."

PROBABLY many of our readers have wondered what could be the origin of the word "Yankee" as, indeed, of many others that have sprung into existence in this country. America is a great place for the manufacture of words. They originate often in the careless or cant expression of some speaker or writer, and have only a local meaning, but gradually attain to universal usage. In this manner scores of words now in common use were started.

The derivation of the term "Yankee" is traced by some to the French word "Anglais," meaning English, while others claim that the English colonists who first settled America were called by the Indians "Ingese" or "Yengese," which in after years was changed by the British soldiers to "Yankee," and used as an epithet of disrespect. It is also said that it was used as a cant word in Massachusetts as long ago as 1713, and was understood as meaning good, or excellent. The latter statement is probably correct. The word, though at first only used as an adjective in describing a person or thing as good, was afterwards applied to the whole of the people of those parts, and they were known as Yankees.

Until within a few years, only the people of the New England States were called Yankees, but during the late war the word was used by the Southerners to designate the soldiers of the Union army. Sometimes the latter were also called "Yanks."

L.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued.)

WILLIAM Marks, who presided over the Stake of Zion at Nauvoo, leaned to Sidney Rigdon; in fact he secretly thought that he, and not the Twelve Apostles, should preside over the Church; he did not avow this, however, very publicly; but it is a difficult matter for a man in authority to deceive the Saints. They discern his spirit very quickly, and if he be led by a bad influence, or be unsound in doctrine or untrue to the cause, they quickly know it. The October Conference was held as usual on the sixth day. Among other authorities presented was William Marks, president of the Stake. He was objected to by one of the Elders, and when the vote on his name was called, there were but two who held up their hands to sustain him. Upon the contrary vote being called, almost every hand was raised against him. This decided the matter, and William Marks was dropped from his position. A motion was then made to sustain Elder John Smith as president of the Stake, which was unanimously carried. To show how little William Marks cared for the memory of Joseph and Hyrum, the Prophet and the Patriarch, it is only necessary to state that after their deaths, he hired the Mansion House of Emma Smith, one of Joseph's widows, for the purpose of keeping tavern there. The dining room of that building was yet stained with the blood which had flowed from them while lying there before burial, and they were scarcely cold in their graves, when he arranged to have a ball there, the dancing to be done in the dining room. When President Young and his council heard of this, they resolved to use their influence with the people to prevent their attending the ball. It cannot be a matter of surprise, that, knowing this as the Saints did, they should vote against his being the President of the Stake.

There was one of the first seven presidents of the Seventies by the name of Josiah Butterfield, who was also dropped at this Conference. He had happened to get a little money, and it was too much for him; he became lifted up and his religion ceased to have the value it ought to have had. This was the reason assigned to the Conference, and it is a reason which has operated in numerous instances since to produce apostasy and to lead men to forsake their God. Elder Jedediah M. Grant was chosen to act in this office in his stead, and he proved a thorough and an efficient man so long as he filled this position, which was until he was called, upon the death of President Willard Richards, second Counselor to President Young, to be one of the First Presidency of the Church.

At this Conference much valuable instruction was given, the quorums, particularly the Seventies, were filled up, a number of High Priests were selected to go to various places in the United States and to preside, and other important business was attended to. The building of the Temple, and the pushing forward of all the labors incumbent upon the Saints at Nauvoo, were urged with force and energy upon the Conference. Around the Temple itself centered the hopes and the future prospect of the Saints. They labored for and earnestly desired its completion. It was a command of the Lord that they should do all in their power to complete the Temple, lest they should be rejected, as a Church, with their dead. On the 6th of December, 1844, the last and largest one of the capitals was placed upon the Temple. There were thirty capitals around the building, each one composed of five stones, namely, one basestone, one large stone on which was sculptured a representation of the sun just rising above the clouds with the lower portion of its disc obscured, the third stone with two hands, each holding a trumpet, sculptured upon it, and the last two stones forming a cap over the trumpet. The work upon these capitals was very beautiful, and when they were set in their places they were very appro-

priate and handsome adornments to the building. The first capital was set on the 23rd of September and but a little over ten weeks elapsed between the erection of the first and the last, and out of that time the workmen were compelled to lose about three weeks through bad weather and the want of stone. It being so late in the season fears were generally entertained that these capitals could not be placed on the building before winter closed in upon the work. But the Lord held up the storms and the cold weather until this important piece of labor was completed to the satisfaction and delight of the Saints. Two hours after the capital was put in its place snow commenced to fall until it was about four inches deep, and that night it froze very heavily.

The murder of the Prophet and Patriarch had not been attended with the results which the enemies of the Church had anticipated. They hoped their deaths would be followed by the complete overthrow of the Church. But instead of this the Saints were united, were led with great wisdom by the servants of God, and there were every prospect that the people would continue to prosper. Something, therefore, they thought must be done; they had shed innocent blood with the hope to destroy the Work of God; was it possible that this had been spilled in vain and their hands and garments stained with no other result than their future damnation? The thought was maddening, and they were prepared to go to any extremity rather than the Saints should dwell in peace. All kinds of charges against the Saints were circulated; they were accused of every crime. Certain newspapers, the Warsaw Signal, the Alton Telegraph and the Quincy Whig, were filled with false stories about the thieving, the counterfeiting and the murders of the people of Nauvoo. Great indignation was aroused in the country against the Saints by these lies. This was what these wicked men desired. They hoped to raise mobs to come and drive the Saints away from their homes. But the time had not yet come for the Saints to leave that State; the wrath of the people was turned aside for awhile.

Governor Ford related an incident that came under his own observation which illustrated the character of the charges circulated about the Saints. He said:

"On my late visit to Hancock county, I was informed by some of their (the Mormons) violent enemies, that their larcenies had become unusually numerous and insufferable. They indeed admitted that but little had been done in this way in their immediate vicinity. But they insisted that sixteen horses had been stolen by the Mormons in one night, near Lima, in the county of Adams. At the close of the expedition, I called at this same town of Lima, and upon inquiry, was told that no horses had been stolen in that neighborhood, but that sixteen horses had been stolen in one night in Hancock county. This last informant being told of the Hancock county story, again changed the venue to another distant settlement in the northern edge of Adams county.

In his message to the Legislature also, he said that "justice, however, requires me here to say, that I have investigated the charge of promiscuous stealing, and find it to be greatly exaggerated. I could not ascertain that there were a greater proportion of thieves in that community, than in any other of the same number of inhabitants; and perhaps if the city of Nauvoo, were compared with St. Louis, or any other western city, the proportion would not be so great."

(To be continued.)

Act honestly, not from a fear that you might be detected if doing otherwise; but from a higher motive—because God requires it. If a person be honest in his deal merely because he thinks it to his pecuniary gain so to be, he is liable at any time to change his course for the same reason. Forced honesty will not do to depend upon, for it is not likely to stand.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON - - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1871.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



YOUNG people generally in the Territory take too little interest in the Bible, Book of Mormon and Book of Doctrine and Covenants. They do not read them as they ought. The Sunday Schools are doing a good work in creating a taste for this kind of reading, and there is a fine field for them in which to labor in every settlement in the Territory. The boys and girls who are old enough to read and understand the value of books, should, as soon as possible, become the owners of these three books. Let them lay the foundation of a library by procuring them. They are cheap, and every child in this country who is resolved to possess them can soon obtain the means to do so. No child who reads them can be ignorant, for the effect of studying them is to enlarge the mind, store it with valuable information, and to impart a knowledge of principles that is of great use in every department of life. There are no books which can be compared with them in this respect, and if a child, or a man, could only obtain three books, he would find these three of more real value than all others beside.

The writer on his first preaching mission was placed for a long period where he had no one to converse with of his own race, or who spoke his tongue. There would be times when a young person under such circumstances, never having been absent from home before, would feel lonely. But whenever he felt any inclination of this kind, he would turn to his Book of Mormon and read that, and it always produced a peaceful, joyous, heavenly feeling. There was a cheering influence accompanying its words. If it and the Book of Doctrine and Covenants and the Bible were read more, by young and old, we would be a much happier people than we are. The effect upon all would be delightful. Many an angry thought and rough expression would be quelled, and brotherly and sisterly feelings would be manifested to a greater extent in all our intercourse one with another.

Every boy and girl should try and obtain instructive and well-written books, with which to form a library of his or her own. They can be bought more cheaply now than ever before in the Territory. But do not buy novels; never read them, nor have them about you, for their influence is hurtful. First of all secure the three books we have mentioned, and do not be content to have them on your shelves or tables, but read them, and the more you read them the better you will like them.

IN the Book of Covenants, in a revelation called the Word of Wisdom, speaking of the use of flesh meat, the Lord says: "Yea, flesh also of beasts and of the fowls of the air, I, the Lord, have ordained for the use of man with thanksgiving; nevertheless they are to be used sparingly; and it is pleasing unto me that they should not be used only in times of winter or of cold, or famine."

This is an important law, which all the Latter-day Saints, but especially the children, should learn to observe. Our happiness depends, to a very great extent, upon the food we eat, for

unless our food be suitable, we cannot be healthy, and where the body is not healthy, there cannot be happiness. Where people live upon vegetable food, they are less liable to disease than where they eat considerable meat; the blood, the stomach, and the whole body are in better condition and less liable to attacks of disease. A people who live upon such food are more likely to live to a great age. Those nations which subsist principally on vegetable diet are remarkable for their health, strength of body, activity and long life. The most extraordinary cases of long life are to be found among those classes who, amidst bodily labor, lead a simple life, agreeable to nature, such as farmers, gardeners, hunters, &c. The more man follows nature, and is obedient to her laws, the longer he will live.

We have met with a few instances of great age which we would like to publish in connection with this subject. Robert Bowman subsisted wholly on vegetable and milk diet of the plainest and simplest kind, yet he sustained his bodily vigor and mental and moral powers to a very great age. When he was one hundred years old, he joined in the chase and ran after the hounds, and at the age of one hundred and twelve he assisted his family in the harvest-field.

There was a French peasant who lived on coarse brown bread which was baked twice a year—a custom in some old countries—and drank goat's milk. He breathed the pure mountain air on the borders of Switzerland and retained all his faculties to the age of one hundred and fifteen, being remarkable for his vigor and activity. When he was one hundred and twenty years old he was carried to Paris and presented to the king. But there his diet and his method of living were changed, and he rapidly declined for two or three years, and died.

Thomas Parr, of England, lived almost all his life on bread, milk, old cheese and whey. At the age of one hundred and thirty he was able to perform every kind of work of the laborer. At one hundred and forty years he had little failing, of age; but sometime afterwards he was removed to London where his mode of life was entirely changed. He soon died at the age of one hundred and fifty-two. After his death his body was opened, and Doctor Harvey, who was one of the most famous physicians in England, said that he might have lived till he was two hundred years old, had he remained in his native place and continued to live in his regular, plain, simple, and temperate style. Another man by the name of Henry Jenkins, who lived upon the same food as Parr, reached the age of one hundred and sixty-nine. Demetrius Craboski, who died not long ago at the age of one hundred and sixty-eight in Lithuania, had always led the humble and tranquil life of a shepherd; his food was plain and principally vegetable. He was assisted by his two sons, the eldest of whom was one hundred and twenty years old, and the younger ninety-seven. It is not uncommon for Russian peasants, who live on a coarse and scanty vegetable diet, to live to exceed one hundred years.

The accounts which we have of the strength of men who live principally upon vegetable food is surprising. The inhabitants of India are vegetable-eaters; but they use great quantities of pepper and other stimulating articles, which are very hurtful. There are races in South America, however, who have prodigious strength, who will carry enormous burdens for a very great distance over roads which would be difficult for many people to travel on without a load. The Moorish porters at Gibraltar live on coarse, vegetable food, and are very athletic, and hardy. They will carry casks of wine and other burdens of great weight on the pads upon their shoulders. In Spain these men are also noted for their strength in loading vessels. They astonish American and English captains by their strength, yet their food is vegetable, plain and coarse.

There is no doubt about the effect of vegetable diet upon mankind. Vegetable eaters are better-tempered, less inclined

to quarrel, and are always cheerful; they are not likely to be afflicted with dispepsia, that fruitful cause of ill temper, sour looks and disagreeable manners.

This subject is one which should claim the attention of the Latter-day Saints, and particularly among children, care should be taken not to acquire a liking for articles which are hurtful.

WE regret the necessity which compels us to publish the present issue without any engravings; we sent to England some months since, to obtain a stock of suitable cuts, and expected to receive them ere now, but they have not yet arrived. We hope to have them in time for the next number.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

WATCHES.

HOW often it has been a matter of surprise with us that watches, in the manufacture of which there is apparently so much labor and skill required, could be sold at such low rates. Quite neat looking watches are now often sold as low as five to eight dollars, though, of course, new watches that can be sold at such a price are not so reliable as time-keepers as more costly ones. But, that watches could ever be sold so cheaply, would have been considered preposterous, by our great-grandfathers.

Watches were first made in Nuremberg, Germany, in the year 1477. The making of them then was considered quite an achievement, though they were not like the neat little time-pieces now so common; they were rude affairs,—some of them small, but generally ponderous things to carry about. They were often, we read in history, as large in circumference as dessert plates. Imagine such a watch as this; it would be almost like a soup tureen to carry in one's pocket. They were sold too, in those early days, at prices that would be considered fabulous at the present time, and a man was considered of some importance who could sport a watch. Since those days modern science has made quite a revolution in the manufacture of watches, machinery has taken the place of hand labor and invention after invention has been made, until now finely made watches are to be seen of an almost endless variety.

Some idea may be formed of the labor required to make a watch in past years, before machinery was much employed in the business, when it is known that watches made in England not long since, and even some at the present time, are composed of eight hundred pieces each, while many of the watches manufactured now in America contain not more than one hundred and twenty pieces.

A watch is a very curious, intricate and delicate piece of mechanism. For instance, the hair spring, that which serves to equalize the motion of the watch, is a very narrow ribbon of the finest steel, coiled up in spiral form, measuring only one hundred and fiftieth of an inch in diameter and weighing only one fifteen thousandth of a pound, troy weight. This spring measures about a foot in length when drawn out in a straight line. One pound of these springs are worth four thousand dollars, or fifteen times as much as a pound of gold.

Good watches contain costly jewels, such as diamonds, rubies, garnets, etc., for the pivots of the machinery to work on, but there are thousands of watches sold, that are represented to be "full jeweled," yet have no such thing as a jewel about them. There is not a manufacture in the world in which there is more cheating employed than in that of watches. And though they are so common now that almost any person can afford one, there are but comparatively few of those who use them who can judge accurately of the quality of a watch from examining it. Under these circumstances a person who is not an expert in the business will find it more profitable to confine himself to swapping jack knives than buying watches at chance.

1.

DECISION.

A BOY needs decision of character more than any other trait, and I can sympathize with a boy who is doing his best to cultivate this virtue. It is his sheet-anchor, which, by the help and grace of God, can hold him right when all else fails him. A boy should learn how to say "No," and not only how to say it, but how to live up to it. "When sinners entice thee, consent thou not;" that means, say "No" with an emphasis, and, after saying No, leave the place at once. It is your only safety.

If Tom and Harry tempt you to run away from school, or go where you ought not to go, and you reply in an undecided way, "I guess not—perhaps it is not best—I rather think I'd better not," you are Tom and Harry's boy. They have you sure. If a boy is undecided, he is lost. But if, when they make such a proposition to you, you say "No, sir," and turn away, why, then you are safe, and neither Tom, nor Harry, nor Satan has the least hold upon you. A boy who is undecided in his moral character, in his sports, and, when he grows up, in his business, floats, drifts along to sure destruction; for any craft which drifts is doomed.

Any of you who understand machinery know what it is when an engine is on a "dead center." Let me explain to those who do not understand. When the walking-beam of a steam-engine has lifted the crank to its highest point, or depressed it to its lowest, that point is called the "dead center." If the crank swings over as it usually does, then the rod goes down from the highest point and up from the lowest; but, sometimes, when an engine is going slowly, the crank does not swing past the center, and then, as the piston presses straight down or draws straight up, and does not tend to turn the crank as it does when in any other position, the engine stops, and the crank has to be swung over the center by hand.

Now, this "dead center" is in an engine just what indecision is in a boy or a man. The crank moves slowly, and without force enough to carry it over that point; it is undecided which way to go, and it stops, and, till it can be started by extra force, the boat is at the mercy of the winds and waves. If a boy's mind moves slowly and in an undecided manner, his moral force, his engine, gets on a "dead center," and away he floats down stream.

I was once standing on the dock in one of our seaport towns, watching a large steamer getting under weigh. The current was running swiftly by the wharf, and the river full of large shipping. The steamer cast off, and swung out into the stream, the engine made three or four revolutions, and then stopped. The pilot sounded the bell in the engine-room to go ahead, but it was not answered; the boat drifted swiftly, and in a moment crash it went against a ship, and carried away her rigging around her bowsprit; then smash into another steamboat, and made a wreck of her wheel-house, and very badly damaged herself. The pilot was frantic with rage at what he deemed the stupidity of the engineer, the officers of the craft were loudly cursing the stupidity of the pilot, and there was a great running to and fro of all hands, when the pilot was told by the engineer that his engine was on a "dead center," and till the crank was pushed over in some way he was powerless. By this time the boat had drifted a long way, and was almost a wreck; indeed, so badly damaged that she could not go on her voyage, and in her drifting she had crippled several other craft. The only remedy was to down anchor, which the pilot did as soon as he saw the engine was useless. But it was too late. The damage was done, and the boat was afterward hauled off for repairs.

Now, boys, make the application; don't wreck yourselves and others by indecision; don't drift and float down the swift stream of life with all your energies on a "dead center." 1

always think of this when I see a man who might do a great deal of good in every way, "loafing" through life, a curse to himself and to all about him.

Selected.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

DISCIPLINE.

A WORD FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

SOLOMON said who spares the rod, spoils the child; and Solomon was right; but there is a time for all things, and it is first necessary to know that you are right. Children are men and women of a smaller growth—younger in the world's experience, and consequently more plastic in the hands of the modeler; but the great majority of them are gifted with reason, and it is a talent that should be employed, for it was not given in vain, and when you raise your hand to inflict punishment, stop and ask yourself first whether you have exhausted all kinder methods of reformation. You know Rarey the great horse tamer is kind and gentle in his manipulation of young horses, and has been pre-eminently successful. Children should have greater intelligence than horses. Try kindness, gentleness and firmness with them, and let the rod be the "dernier resort."

DAY DREAMING.

AMONG the many habits which children are apt to become addicted to is that of day-dreaming, which though generally lightly thought of, has nevertheless, great influence upon human beings. Every child understands what it is to dream at night; and many love to think upon and relate the happy dreams they have. Such dreams are not likely to lead to harm, unless indulged in too late in the morning when more important thoughts ought to occupy the mind. But day-dreaming, though similar in some respects, is different in others. Persons indulge in day-dreams in their waking moments, not while asleep.

The state of day-dreaming is a forgetfulness of that which is real in life and the substitution of the wildest and most unreasonable vagaries in its stead. A child will indulge in thoughts of future greatness; forgetful of all else passing around, he pictures in his imagination scenes of grandeur and deeds of heroism and glory, in which, of course, he figures as the hero. Enrapt in the contemplation of the imaginary scene before him, he becomes lost to everything else; the fantasy to him assumes all the appearance of a reality, and so he will remain for perhaps an hour or more without thinking of or noticing anything else. This is day-dreaming.

The injury caused by this habit is not merely the loss of valuable time which it entails, but when once formed it is not easily overcome. The victim of this habit is apt to find his mental faculties weakening, his memory failing and his ideas becoming confused. Unable to concentrate his thoughts and apply his mind to any subject, he becomes morose and acts mechanically and without particular thought. And so he grows up and passes through life—a mere machine.

The meanest, laziest loafer, the most confirmed drunkard, the most profligate spendthrift, the lowest sneak-thief and vagabond, often indulge in day-dreams, and picture for themselves future greatness, affluence and power, which their conduct forever precludes them from enjoying. To such, day-dreaming is perhaps their greatest joy, as the reality they never can experience.

We should learn to think quickly, and act with decision; form a resolution, and put it into execution. Shun every practice or habit that has a tendency to enervate the mind or body or unfit us for the actual duties of life; for this life is made up of stern realities, and the earlier in life we learn to battle with them the more likely we will be to make our existence a success.

The greatest men of whom we read in history, and those whose actions we consider worthy of emulation, have been men who, in early life, did not indulge much in day-dreaming, who were kept too busy to find leisure for such pastime. In this we should follow their example, and keep our minds employed with something else than day-dreaming.

L.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

SHAKING HANDS.

SIMPLE a thing as is the shaking of hands, as a salutation, there is a great difference to be noticed in the manner in which it is performed by different persons. It is a practice that is much in use here, as well as in other parts; and it is probable that most persons have noticed this diversity of style of which we speak, and that too, without detecting wherein they themselves are at fault, if they happen so to be. I believe there are no rules taught in this country for this particular branch of etiquette, and we all follow our instincts, or what, from our varied tastes, we conceive to be the best style.

Among the many different styles we may mention the slow meaningless up and down shake; the jerking, spasmodic, perpendicular shake, which might very properly be styled the pump-handle shake; the slow, oscillatory, rock-me-to-sleep-mother shake; and that of the same motion, only much faster reminding one of the shaking of the tail end of a fanning mill; the insipid, single downward motion, with only the tips of the fingers touching; the rough, rasping, long-clasping, cramp-starting shake of the unrefined person; and the equally long-pressed, soft, fervent, electric shake of the lover.

I know of one young lady with whom I never shake hands but I have to smile; hers is the real pump-handle style; and I either have to let her have it her own way, or make the motion worse by trying to introduce mine. Another young lady has made me blush more than once, by holding my hand after shaking it, while she enquired very feelingly after the health of all the members of my family taken separately, and this too in the street.

A facetious friend of mine relates an instance of shaking hands. While traveling in the southern settlements of our Territory he came across a man with whom he had once been acquainted. He was a long, thin, raw-boned specimen of humanity with a grip like Vulcan. On meeting, they, of course, shook hands. The spectacle must have been ludicrous in the extreme. The man was overjoyed to see my friend, which joy was not reciprocated; for the next moment after the meeting, found my friend fairly dangling at the end of his long, bony arm, writhing and twisting beneath his agonizing vise-like grip, while he endeavored in vain to assume a pleased expression of countenance. After shaking for some time my friend got loose, and tried his fingers to see if they would bend, and then commenced rubbing them to remove the cramp, determining in his mind, never to shake hands with that man again, if he could help it. The next morning on issuing from the house wherein he lodged, the first object he saw was his persecutor watching for him. In vain he attempted dodging around the corner, to elude him, the man anticipated him, and, advancing with a broad grin on his countenance, again grasped his hand and tortured him the second time, seeming to take solid pleasure in it, and appearing unconscious of all else but his own pleasure. My friend is determined to wear his hand in a sling as a means of preservation the next time he meets that man.

Moral: When you shake hands, study the pleasure of others as well as your own. You will not do this by sticking out the ends of two of your fingers to shake, nor by grabbing and jerking in every possible manner, but try—well, think of it, and you will find out the best way.

G. C. L.

FAITH.

A LATTER-DAY Saint, in truth and in deed, requires faith. When faith exists there is confidence in God. This is the difference between men of God and men of the world. A man of the world looks at things naturally and judges of them without acknowledging the direct agency of God in the events that occur; for instance, when this Church was first organized men said it could not stand more than a few months and then it would tumble to pieces; but it did not. When they persecuted the Prophet at Kirtland, they thought they were effecting the overthrow of the gospel. When they drove the Saints from Jackson county into Clay, and afterwards from Clay into Caldwell and the adjacent counties, and, finally, from the State, they supposed that the Church could not outlive such persecution. When Joseph and Hyrum were murdered, men who looked at the work of God from what they called a natural standpoint, said that the system must now go to pieces. But even this, like all past persecutions failed to accomplish the wished for end. Then they drove the Saints from the State of Illinois into the wilderness, and who thought that we could hold together there? Certainly the world did not. Starvation, Indians or division among the people would destroy the system they thought, and everything that has been done against the Church by the wicked, it was hoped would destroy the organization which God had established. Now at last the means has been found, so the wicked say, for the overthrow of the Priesthood. The railroad has been built and mines are opening in Utah. Oh, what rejoicing there is throughout the land among those who hate the truth. "The 'Mormon problem' is solved," they say; the "fate of Mormonism is sealed." And already they rejoice in anticipation of seeing the Saints once more driven forth from their homes into the wilderness or compelled to deny their faith.

But observe the feelings of people of faith. Did they take this view, did they imagine that God's word would fail or that the anticipations of the wicked would be fulfilled? No; people of faith trust in God; God's promise is sure; He has said that this kingdom shall stand and finally fill the whole earth. Therefore, among true Saints, there is no trembling of the knees, there is no fainting of the heart, there is no shaking of the hands, but they feel assured that He who has saved His people from the mobs of Missouri and of Illinois, who led His Prophet to this land, who established His Saints in these valleys, making them fertile and His Saints rejoice with the song of gladness; He who has constantly sustained His people for twenty-four years in these mountain wilds, and has delivered them from the hands and the plots of all their enemies and enabled them to maintain good government here; He who has done this, has still the power to protect, to preserve, to uphold and deliver them. Those who have faith can see a pathway in which to walk, to escape the snares and the violence of enemies. They are not discouraged when the clouds are dark and lowering. Their serenity is not disturbed when mobs threaten for the destruction of holiness and truth.

Children cultivate faith, seek for it, it is a precious gift; without it, it is impossible to please God. The world is full of unbelief and bitterness; men look at things naturally, they say and they judge of results, not thinking that God is able to change things, to work miracles and exercise dreadful power in behalf of His people. It is a delightful thing to have faith in God, to make him our friend so that in the hour of trial we can seek unto Him and obtain from Him the things that we need. But to have true faith we must make God our friend; we must seek Him often and pray with all our hearts unto Him, seeking earnestly for His Holy Spirit to be given unto us. Every one in this Church who desires to remain a faithful member ought to do this constantly; not once or twice, but every day and under all circumstances.

IN KAMTCHATKA.

THE Kamtchadals are chiefly engaged in fishing, fur-trapping, and the cultivation of rye, turnips, cabbages and potatoes. The few Russians are scattered among their villages, and trade for furs with them and the nomadic tribes to the northward. The wandering Koraks, who are the wildest and most independent natives in the peninsula, seldom come south of the fifty-eighth parallel of latitude except for the purposes of trade. Their chosen haunts are the great desolate steppes which lie to the eastward of Penjinsk Gulf, where they wander constantly from place to place in solitary bands, living in large fur tents, and depending for subsistence upon their vast herds of tamed and domesticated reindeer. The whole peninsula is supposed to be governed by a Russian "Ispravnik," or local governor; but the Koraks are not really governed at all, nor do they require ruling. They are the most harmless and meritorious of savages, exceedingly interesting in a very strange way. One feels, in reading of them, as if they were creatures of an Arctic mythology, dim and grim even beyond the Scandinavian; tenants of shades whose fields are ice-fields, and whose ghostly light comes from the flaming sword of the Aurora Borealis. The settlement of the Southern natives, who are dark, swarthy, and smaller than the pure Siberians, with all their rudeness, are not wanting in comfort, and the following picture is attractive as well as vivid:

"If you can imagine a rough American backwoods settlement of log houses clustered around a gaily colored Turkish mosque, half a dozen small haystacks, mounted on high vertical posts, fifteen or twenty titantic wooden gridirons similarly elevated, and hung full of drying fish, a few dog sledges and canoes lying carelessly around, and a hundred or more gray wolves tied here and there between the houses to long, heavy poles, you will have a general but tolerably accurate idea of a Kamtchadal settlement. They differ somewhat in respect to their size and their churches; but the gray log houses, conical 'bologans,' drying fish, wolfish dogs, canoes, sledges, and fishy odors, are all invariable features."

Like the Esquimaux, though without the same terrible conditions of existence to explain their decay, the Kamtchadals are dying out. Since 1780 their numbers have diminished one half. They have already lost most of their distinctive customs and superstitions; and only the occasional sacrifice of a dog, to some malignant spirit of storm or disease, enables the modern traveler to catch a glimpse of their original paganism. They depend chiefly on the salmon, which literally choke the rivers, for their subsistence, but the whole peninsula abounds in animal life. Reindeer, and black and brown bears, roam about everywhere; a species of ibex inhabits the mountain; and millions of ducks, geese and swans swarm about every river and little marshy lake throughout the country. Mr. Kennan's account of the reception given to the Major, Dodd and himself, at a settlement, the name of which he never attempted to master, but which he calls Jerusalem, is on to capsize all one's previous notions of Kamtchatka.

HOW ARAB LADIES PERFUME.—The process of Arab ladies perfuming themselves is thus described by Sir Samuel Baker, in his work on the Nile;

"In the floor of the hut or tent, as it may chance to be, a small hole is excavated, sufficiently large to contain a champagne bottle. A fire of charcoal or simply glowing embers is made within the hole, into which the woman about to be scented throws a handful of drugs. She then takes off the clothes or robe which forms her dress, and crouches naked over the fumes, while she arranges her robe to fall as a mantle from her neck to the ground like a tent. She now begins to perspire freely in the hot air bath, and the pores of the skin being

open and moist, the volatile oil from the smoke of the burning perfumes is immediately absorbed. By the time the fire has expired the scenting process is completed, and both her person and her robe are redolent of incense, with which they are so thoroughly impregnated that I have frequently smelt a party of women at full a hundred yards' distance, when the wind has been blowing from their direction. This scent, which is supposed to be very attractive to gentlemen, is composed of ginger, cloves, cinnamon, frankincense and myrrh, a species of seaweed brought from the Red Sea, and, lastly, the horny disc which covers the aperture when the shell-fish withdraws itself within its shell. The proportion of each ingredient in this mixture is according to taste."

HOW TO INDITE.—In the matter of inditing, our natural inclinations would lead no two of us alike. The styles of different authors are as varied and characteristic as their looks. One may possess natural wit, and you may trace a vein of it through the whole of his writings; another a fertile imagination, and he will write in a very profuse manner; a third, matter of fact in his style, confines himself to sober reasoning; while another, possessing none of these qualities, writes in a wearisome prolix style, calculated in its nature to remind the reader that it is bed time. The first tickles you, the second excites you, the third interests you, the fourth, you yawn over. In writing, seek to state your ideas in the plainest possible manner, and in the fewest words; this should be studied. It is a mistaken idea that pedantic style and high sounding words always add force to what is written; in some cases they do, but not as a rule. That which is written in a simple, easy, vivacious style, is read more eagerly than though it were clothed in high flown diction. The man who can write in a graceful, pithy, witty, yet simple style, is more to be admired than the greatest euphuist living.

True wit, though a natural gift, and rarely possessed, may be acquired; or sufficient of it to enable one to write to please. Study this, brush up your ideas, learn to think, observe brevity in writing, and your writings will be read.

G. C. I.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.—A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he in a short time selected one, and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great many. He wiped his feet, when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to the lame, old man, showing he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap, when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid upon the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk; and when he wrote his name, I noticed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like that handsome little fellow's, in the blue jacket. Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes, than all the fine letters he can bring me."

Selected.

Nothing is impossible to one who is determined.

Selected Poetry.

KEEPING HIS WORD.

The following touching little poem is by Mrs. Preston, of Lexington, Virginia:

I.

"Only a penny a box," he said;
But the gentleman turned away his head,
As if he shrank from the squalid sight
Of the boy who stood in the failing light.

"Oh! sir," he stammered, "you cannot know—
(And he brushed from his matches the flakes of snow,
That the sudden tear might have chanced to fall)
"Or I think—I think you will take them all.

"Hungry and cold at our garret pane,
Ruby will watch till I come again,
Bringing the loaf. The sun has set,
And he hasn't a crumb of breakfast yet.

"One penny, and then I can buy the bread."
The gentleman stopped. "And you?" he said.
"I?—I can put up with them, hunger and cold,
But Ruby is only five years old.

"I promised our mother before she went,
—She knew I would do it, and died content—
I promised her, sir, through best, through worst,
I always would think of Ruby first."

The gentleman paused at the open door;
Such tales he had often heard before;
But he fumbled his purse in the twilight drear,—
"I have nothing less than a shilling here."

"Oh! sir, if you will only take the pack,
I'll bring you the change in a moment back.
Indeed you may trust me!" "Trust you?—no;
But there is the shilling; take it and go."

II.

The gentleman lolled in his easy chair,
And watched his cigar wreath melt in the air,
And smiled on his children, and rose to see
The baby asleep on its mother's knee.

"And now it is nine by the clock," he said,
"Time that my darlings were all abed;
Kiss me 'good night,' and each be sure
When you're saying your prayers, remember the poor."

Just then came a message—"A boy at the door"—
Before it was uttered he stood on the floor,
Half breathless, bewildered, and ragged and strange;
"I am Ruby—Mike's brother—I have brought you the change.

"Mike's hurt, sir. 'Twas dark; the snow made him blind,
And didn't take notice the train was behind,
Till he slipped on the track—and then it whizzed by—
And he's home in the garret. I think he will die.

"Yet nothing would do him, sir—nothing would do,
But out through the snow I must hurry to you.
Of his hurt he was certain you wouldn't have heard,
And so you might think he had broken his word."

When the garret they hastily entered, they saw
Two arms, mangled, shapeless, outstretched from the straw.
"You did it—dear Ruby—God bless you!" he said,
And the boy, gladly smiling, sank back—and was dead.

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